

T H E
N U P T I A L M A S Q U E ;
Or, The T R I U M P H S of
C U P I D and H Y M E N .

As it is Performed at the
T H E A T R E R O Y A L
I N
C O V E N T - G A R D E N .

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare Triumphos?
M A R T .

Written by Mr. E D W A R D P H I L L I P S .

Set to Musick by Mr. G A L L I A R D .



L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by T H O . W O O D , in *Little-Britain*.

M D C C X X X I V .

[Price One Shilling.]

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D R A M A.

C U P I D, — — —	Miss <i>Norfa</i> .
H Y M E N, — — —	Mr. <i>Salway</i> .
V E N U S, — — —	Mrs. <i>Wright</i> .
<i>First Priest of</i> H Y M E N,	Mr. <i>Leveridge</i> .
<i>Second Priest of</i> H Y M E N,	Mr. <i>Leguerre</i> .
<i>First</i> B R I D A L V I R G I N,	Miss <i>Hillyard</i> .
A G L A I A,	Miss <i>Hillyard</i> ,
T H A L I A,	} <i>Graces</i> , Mrs. <i>Vincent</i> ,
E U P H R O S Y N E,	
	Miss <i>Suky Rogers</i> .
B R I T A N N I A, — — —	Mrs. <i>Sander son</i> .
L I B E R T Y, — — —	Mrs. <i>Kilby</i> .

Six Boys, Attendants of Cupid.

<i>Three Deities of Pleasure,</i>	
<i>Two Priests of Hymen,</i>	} <i>Attendants of</i> <i>Hymen.</i>
<i>Four Bridal Virgins,</i>	
<i>Four Zephyrs,</i>	
U N A M O U R,	
<i>A Bridal Nymph,</i>	Mr. <i>Glover</i> .
	Madam <i>Sallé</i> .

T O

T O
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
A N N E,
Princess of O R A N G E.

M A D A M,

HO' *Poetry* could never have a fairer Opportunity of consecrating her Labours to Your Patronage than at a Time when a whole Nation is exerting itself to give all the Testimonies of a sincere Joy for your auspicious Marriage to a *Prince* of the Family of *NASSAU*; yet, that I offer You this little Tribute for the *Publick Happiness* you now bestow, I shall drop the weak Apology of a *Poet*, and urge a stronger Plea, that of an *Englishman*.

May it please your Highness,

To accept then the following Scenes, as the Incense only of a grateful Heart, not as the vain Design to deliver down to Posterity the Celebration of these *Nuptials*, when lasting Chronicles shall
tell

tell to future Ages that to *Them* are owing the Strengthening and Preservation of those *Liberties* they enjoy.

Tho', MADAM, you are soon to adorn another Nation, yet, blest'd with the Hereditary Virtues of your Race, still shall you reflect an Honour on your *Britain*, shining among those happy People you reside an *Illustrious Example* to your *Sex*, by promoting whatever is *Great*, or whatever is *Good*, the Love of *Learning*, of *Liberty*, of *Religion*. Nor can any thing be wanting to compleat *Your Highness's* Happiness, if from *Her* from whom You derive your *Being*, You continue to derive the *Pattern* of your *Life*: Then, as *Her*, You shall be as *happy*, and as *lov'd*, by your *Husband*, your *Offspring*, and your *Subjects*, by being as *affectionate* a *Consort* to your *Prince*, as *tender* a *Mother* to your *Children*, and as *kind* a *Protectress* of your *People*.

Which (as he thinks it his best)

Shall be the Constant Prayer of

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient, most devoted Servant,

EDWARD PHILLIPS.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

FROM some things which have lately appeared on the Stage under the Name of Masques, not a few have been induced to think, that a Masque was nothing but a strange motly Composition, without Design, without Poetry, or even without Musick. However insignificant a Title the Name of a Masque may now carry with it, this Species of Writing has not been thought unworthy to have been the Production of some of the greatest Dramatick Genius's. Ben Johnson has several, all founded on Antiquity, and, like his other Writings, abound with Classical Learning. Mr. Dryden and Mr. Congreve both wrote in this Way, but not without some Design in their Plan, and a pleasing Harmony in their Numbers. Tho' I have not the Vanity of comparing the following Scenes with those of the above Authors, neither have I the Diffidence to rank them with some Pieces which lately have been called Masques.

The first Idyllium of Moschus, where Venus, having lost Cupid, goes in Search of her little Fugitive, gave me a sufficient Authority for
my

P R E F A C E.

my Design, and furnish'd me with some Hints which may be trac'd thro' the whole. As for the Numbers, they are for the most part such which may not improperly be called Anacreontic, those Measures being the best suited to express that pleasing Softness which I would have appear in most of the Characters. And in those Places where the Numbers are unequal, and do not always ryme, it is done for the better Expression of some stronger Sense, by the Variation of the Sound and Cadence of the Words : Nor will those Lines which may seem too harsh to the Reader (so much am I indebted to the happy Composure of Mr. Galliard) seem at all inharmonious to the Hearer.

I cannot conclude, without taking this Opportunity of returning my Thanks to that Gentleman for the Justice he has done my Words ; and should this Piece not meet with Success, I am convinc'd it is the Fault of the Poetry, not that of the Musick.

THE



THE
NUPTIAL MASQUE:

Or, The TRIUMPHS of
CUPID and HYMEN.

SCENE, *A Grove.*

INTERLUDE I.

*Enter CUPID followed by a Band of
SPORTS (or LOVES) with Bows,
Quivers, Wings, &c. crown'd with
Roses.*

*With him HYMEN (the God of Mar-
riage) in a Saffron-colour'd Robe,
his under Vestures white, his Socks
B yellow,*

yellow, an Orange-colour'd Veil of Silk on his Left Arm, and a Torch in his Right Hand, his Head crown'd with Roses, follow'd by Deities of Pleasure.

H Y M E N.



OME, my fickle roving God,
Make with *Hymen* thy Abode :
Arm'd with thy Quiver and thy Bow,
No more a Fear of *Venus* show :
No more with her on *IDA* rove,
Nor wander thro' the *Cyprian* Grove,
But make *BRITANNIA*'s Isle the Seat of *Love*.

C U P I D.

Hymen no more. I'll use my Pow'r
To form a Swan, or fall a Show'r :
Nor pierce for *Mars* th' *Idalian* Dame,
But here for *N A S S A U* raise a purer Flame :
Venus no more shall be my Care,
But *A N N A* Chaste as well as Fair.

H Y M E N.

H Y M E N.

*Love and Hymen Pleasures blending,
Here sincerest Joys create,
On the happiest Pair attending,
Here we fix our safe Retreat.*

C U P I D.

*Swains their yielding Nymphs obtaining,
To their Vows shall faithful prove :
Nymphs of Falshood ne'er complaining,
BRITAIN'S made the Seat of Love.*

C U P I D to the Attendants.

*Sportlings, as ye wanton go,
Tripping with fantastick Toe,
Let your frolick Steps declare
Your little Hearts are void of Care.*

[Cupid going, Hymen stops him.]

H Y M E N.

— — Stay, *Cupid*, stay :
See a jocund Train comes here,
Full of Mirth, and full of Cheer.

B 2

Enter

Enter Zephyrs.

H Y M E N.

*Jocund Train who here resort,
Come, begin your pretty Sport,
Frisking quick in Mazes round,
Lightly beat this sacred Ground.*

C U P I D.

Let your wav'ring Dances prove
Emblems of *Innocence* and *Love*.

A D A N C E.

*[At the farther Part of the Stage
appears the Star of Venus, cal-
led Hesperus, reckon'd propitious
to Marriage, and denoting the
Approach of the Goddess.]*

H Y M E N.

Lo *Cupid*, see ! the bright *Idalian Star*,
Proclaims the Queen of *Love* and *Beauty* near :
Venus is coming,
Coming to her Fav'rite Isle, to try
If she can here discover
You her straggling lavish Rover,
Letting your *Golden Shafts* at *British* Fair Ones
fly.

D U E T.

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D U E T.

C U P I D.

Come Sports of Cupid, come away.

H Y M E N.

*Come Hymen's Band, come come away;
Spread Joy and Peace throughout the
Plain,
And tell that Love and Hymen reign.*

C H O R U S.

*Spread Joy and Peace throughout the Plain,
And tell that Love and Hymen reign.*

[Exeunt.]



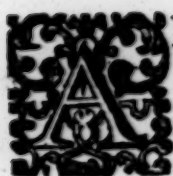
I N-



INTERLUDE II.

*The Star Hesperus appears, as before;
VENUS descends in a Triumphant
Chariot ; beneath her are placed
the three Graces, AGLAIA, THA-
LIA, EUPHROSYNE.*

VENUS coming forward.



*H! Cupid, fickle roving Boy,
Venus is by thy Flight undone !
O Fate, restore my only Joy,
Or I shall die without my Son.*

*Hence learn, ye Maids, who give Despair,
From Love alone your Charms arise :
Learn this, ye unrelenting Fair,
From Venus learn, and be more wise.*

*Whither, my Graces, whither shall I stray
To find the God of Love ?
Where can my little Rover be ?*

[- 15 -]

A G L A I A.

See, *Venus*, see,
Hither he bends his Way.

V E N U S.

I see— Around his *Golden Darts* he flings,
And smiling trips along, and claps his snowy Wings.

A G L A I A.

Venus retire, and take him by Surprise :
Should he behold you here, the *Rover* flies.

[*Venus and the Graces retire to the
back Part of the Stage : Then
Cupid enters, follow'd by his
Sports.*

C U P I D.

*Happy Cupid, softest Pleasure
Thou hast rais'd in ANNA's Breast :
Joys bestowing without Measure,
Cupid's Shafts have made her blest :
Then my Favourite Britons own
The Honours which my Shafts have won.*

[*Venus comes forward, and cat-
ches hold of him, and the
Graces circle him in.*

V E N U S.

V E N U S.

What, my *Straggler* lately lost,
What are the *Honours* that you boast?
Have you in *Pallas* rais'd a Flame,
Or made young *Phæbus* fight at *Daphne's* Name?

C U P I D.

No, no:

No, *Venus*, no:

This Shaft has made a *Royal Nymph* my Prize.

[*Showing his Golden Arrow.*

Not Coy as *Pallas*, tho' as Wife:

This in a Noble Youth

For that fair Nymph a Passion does create,
With all of *Phæbus's* Love, without his Fate.

V E N U S.

What does my *little Rover* mean?
What——

C U P I D.

Let me go, I cannot stay——
Love now calls—— I must away——
Loose me!

[*Struggling to get from Venus.*

Enter

[*Enter Hymen, and Deities of
Pleasure.*

H Y M E N.

Loose, *Venus*, loose the God of Love,
For you his Labour will approve.
You'll rejoice at Honours won
By your *All-Triumphing Son*.

V E N U S.

Kindly, *Hymen*, then declare
What are his Triumphs, what his Care.

H Y M E N.

To celebrate the Day in which we join
A *BRUNSWICK*'s Issue to the *NASSAU*
Line.

V E N U S.

Hymen enough— I'm pleas'd;
And willingly the *Wanderer* forgive.

*Well your Power, my roving Boy,
You for the Brave and Fair employ:
Beauty shou'd ever be the Prize
Of the Valiant and the Wise.*

C

C U P I D.

(18)

CUPID.

To make our *Triumphs* more compleat,
Vulcan has form'd a splendid Seat,
Where *Guardian Deities* of ALBION'S-Isle,
Will bless the *Nuptial-Day*.

HYMEN.

Then, *Venus*, with thy Love-creating Smile,
Haste, kindly haste away.

There our Influence let us shed,
There our choicest Blessings spread;
For endless Pleasure, endless Love,
Shou'd crown the Pair whom we approve.

CHORUS.

The Pair is blest, whom we approve,
With endless Pleasure, endless Love.
Exeunt.

INTER-



INTERLUDE III.

The Curtain rising discovers a Palace sacred to Cupid and Hymen; the Avenue leading to it decorated with Rock-work and Orange-Trees. On a Pedestal on one side of the Stage is a Figure of King WILLIAM, under which Britannia is represented supporting the Arms of Orange, with the Figure of Rome under her Feet. On a Pedestal on the other side stands a Figure of King GEORGE, under which PATRIOTISM, or the Lover of his Country, is trampling down Faction.

The Priests of Hymen, crown'd with Roses, with white Wax Tapers in their Hands, enter, as having just perform'd their Ceremony. With them the like Number of Bridal

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*Virgins, all in White; their Hair
loose and flowing, with Garlands
of Roses on their Heads, and
Branches of Myrtle in their
Hands.*

FIRST PRIEST OF HYMEN.



AR all *Profane*, away, away,
This is *Hymen's* Holiday;
Away, away.

SECOND PRIEST.

The Rites are o'er;
Then let the Lyre be strung:
Virgins begin;
To *ANN* and *NASSAU*
Begin your Song.

FIRST BRIDAL VIRGIN.

*Softly sweetly touch the String,
While of ANN A's Charms we Sing;
While thro' mazie Notes we rove,
Melt the ravish'd Soul to Love.*

Enter

Enter two Priests of Hymen.

FIRST PRIEST.

Sound, sound the Trump at *N A S S A U*'s
Name,
In louder Strains your Joys proclaim.

SECOND PRIEST.

Let the inspiring manly Note
Mingle with the softer Flute.

BOTH.

For N A S S A U's Name shall ever prove,
Sacred to Freedom as to Love.

BRIDAL VIRGIN.

Hither, smiling *Cupid*, come :

FIRST PRIEST.

Hither, *Hymen*, quick resort :

BRIDAL VIRGIN.

Here, *Venus*, all thy Power assume,
Haste away to *Hymen's* Court.

CHO.

C H O R U S.

*Smile on the Pair, propitious to our Rights,
With Pleasure crown their Days, with Love
(their Nights.*

F I R S T P R I E S T.

—Auspicious to the Prayers
Of *Hymen's* Priests and Bridal Maids,
See where the blissful Train of *Love* appears.

*Enter Cupid, Venus, Hymen, and
Attendants, &c.*

C U P I D.

Venus, behold ! what *Vulcan's* done
To Grace the *Triumphs* of your Son.

H Y M E N.

Speak, *Venus*, speak if you approve
This little Pomp of *Hymen* and of *Love*.

V E N U S.

VENUS.

*Love and Hymen, sacred Pow'rs,
May the gentle smiling Hours
Ever on the Pair attend,
Bringing Joys which know no End.*

CUPID.

*Bringing ever new Delights,
Happy Days, and happier Nights :
All the Bliss may they receive
Man can ask, or Heaven give.*

HYMEN.

*Thus for ever may they know
What soft Joys from Love can flow ;
Tasting ever, while we Reign,
All the Sweet, without the Pain.*

ALL THREE

*Thus for ever may they know,
What soft Joys from Love can flow.*

CUPID.

CUPID.

See! *Venus*, see! the waving Clouds descend,
And fraught with Wonder here they tend.

The Clouds separating, discovers Britannia and Liberty descending : Britannia having an Olive Branch in one Hand, and a Spear in the other, her Head crown'd with Palm and Laurel. Liberty in White, her Vesture flowing loosely after the Antique Manner, her Hair hanging down her Shoulders, and in her Right Hand a Staff, on the Top of which is fixed a Pileus or Roman Hat, denoting Freedom and Power.

CUPID.

Lo! *Britannia*, Bright and Gay,
Descends to bless this Bridal-Day :

HYMEN.

And *Liberty*, to *Briton's* dear,
Comes to shed her *Influence* here:

BRI-

BRITANNIA.

Hail, happy Train of Love and Hymen, hail!

What Joys do you excite

Within my glowing Breast?

Ne'er did Britannia thro' past Ages see

A Day so happy or so bless'd before:

Nor has my Fair Companion Liberty

[Pointing to *Liberty*

Beheld an Æra wish'd for more.

[The two Chief Priests come forward.

SECOND PRIEST.

Hymen, to the Pair be kind,

All your genial Influence shed:

Make, for Good of Human-kind,

Fruitful make the Marriage Bed.

FIRST PRIEST.

Then shall GEORGE and NASSAU's Race

Ever Guards of Freedom be,

Latest Ages born to bless,

They shall bid the World be Free.

D

V E N U S

Behold where *Venus*' blithsome Band,
 Frolick hither Hand in Hand ;
 While their measur'd Steps they move,
 Those Steps shall show the Harmony of *Love*.

[*The Grand Dance, after which*
The C H O R U S.

Long Britons you've boasted the Power of your
Arms,
Ye now are as matchless in Love's softer Charms;
Then Britons rejoice, since as Happy ye are
By your Triumphs in Love, as your Triumphs
in War.

F I N I S.

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